Northern Messenger

W Branscombe 28 02

KILLAMS MILLS
NB

VOLUME XXXVI No. 50. MONTREAL, DECEMBER 13, 1901. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

Inside a Mandarin's House.

(By Mrs. Fahmy, of Chiang Chiu, in 'The Chronicle of the London Missionary Society.)

One day last summer a Chinese inquirer, whom I am in the habit of visiting and teaching, sent her son to ask me to come to her home at once as she had visitors who were anxious to hear me 'talk the doctrine.' I said I would be there in half an hour, but ere I started two other messengers arrived, one after another, to make sure of me! I went with them, and was introduced to the visitor, the wife of a mandarin, who told me how she was longing to hear the 'doctrine,' and she hoped I would speak and read to her. I was with them fully two hours, and did what I could in that time to enlighten their minds. They said the doctrine was truly wonderful and 'good to hear,' and that they had never heard such good news before. They listened most attentively, and when I asked questions on what they had been told, I was surprised to find that they had taken in so much on a first hearing. I rather think my friend whom they were visiting must have been telling them all she knew before I arrived. I was asked to read a rhyme on bound feet, and was glad I had brought it with me. The rhyme is rather lengthy, but cleverly written by one of our pastors, and the reading of it was enjoyed by everyone present, the listeners laughing a good deal and exclaiming every few lines; 'Quite true! Very true! Every sentence is correct!'

On leaving, the mandarin's wife gave me a pressing invitation to visit at her house, and said there were a great many womenfolk there who would like to hear the gospel. I gladly accepted the invitation, and asked if she would like to visit me. She was delighted, and said she would come without delay.

Next day a message was sent, to the effect that the mandarin's wife and several friends would come the following morning. They came and stayed a long time, looking at everything and asking no end of questions. The cleanliness seemed to strike them more than anything else. 'Why,' said they, 'we could eat our dinner off your floor!' We had another talk about things eternal, and I found the interest was very keen. I promised to return their visit very soon, and would have done so, of course, had we not been sent for by the Consul to go down to the Port of Amoy at once, and we ladies had to hastily pack up and leave our work, much to our regret. Fully three months passed before we were allowed to return, and I can't tell you how thankful we were to get back to our work and our homes again, nor how grateful we were to God that this city had been spared, although these three months had been fraught with threatenings and persecution of converts, and it seemed at one time as though the churches and houses were doomed to destruction.

About a fortnight ago I at last found time to pay my promised visit. In the morning a message was sent, informing them that I would come at two o'clock in the afternoon. I found several men at the door waiting to receive me, and, after getting within the outer doors, was received by the mandarin's wife, who led me by the hand into the sitting-hall. At once a crowd of women surrounded me—daughters-in-law, grand-daughters, nurses, and a large number of slaves with large feet. After I was seated a pretty young girl came quickly forward and almost took possession of me, sitting down at length on my left and holding my hand. I recognized the face, yet could not remember where I had met her. I found she was the niece of a small mandarin in the city, who is quite a good friend of ours and who takes a delight in copying foreigners, and that she had become the wife of the youngest son of the family in the house where I was visiting. Then I remembered her well, and was able to tell her I had seen her uncle and aunt the previous day. I could talk no longer to her just then, for the women were clamoring to

INTERIOR OF MANDARIN'S HOUSE.

me to make haste and talk about the 'doctrine.' I told them as soon as they were all quiet I would begin, and asked them to get their bamboo stools and sit around.

Well, the women were very quiet indeed, and the children were so interested in gazing at the foreigner that I could not complain of their disturbing the peace. The interruption came from a different source—a great cock denounced me fearfully, and the noise he made was such as I never had heard before from one of his kind. He came and stood in the middle of the hall, and made the most terrible noises. If a look could have killed him he would have dropped dead on the spot; but, nothing daunted, he went at it as hard as ever he could! I tried to get on, but found I was overtaxing my voice badly. So I asked one of the women to put the bird out of the room, which she did; but no sooner had I commenced to talk again, when in he ran by another door, and the crowing began again! I had just to get on the best way I could, for I found that there were so many exits to the room that as soon as Mr. Chanticicer was put out at one, back he came by another! I have often remarked that I could not kill a bird, even were I on a desert island and birds the only means of sustenance, but I draw the line at that particular fowl.

In spite of all, we had a good time; my listeners seemed intensely interested and deeply impressed, I thought. I was then requested to read the rhyme on bound feet, and, as usual, it was much enjoyed. Indeed, several of the women said they would unbind, and my little friend, who had never loosed hold of my arm, said she was determined to unbind, and asked if the doctor could give her medicine to make the unbinding less painful. I inquired whether her husband would object, and she declared he would not. She told me that since she had been taught about God she had ceased to worship idols in any form, and, she continued, 'I have nothing idolatrous in my room; my husband lets me have my own way about that; come upstairs and see.'

We then went upstairs to the bridal chamber, with its pretty red silk door curtain. I found the room very different from the others. It was beautifully clean, the furniture most brilliantly polished, and, sure enough, no idols or incense-burners there. After again drinking tea, and politely refus-

ing two boiled eggs peeled and put in a bowl of very hot, highly sweetened water, I was invited by the hostess to see another daughter-in-law of hers.

After crossing one or two terraces we came to another wing of the house, and I was ushered into a very large, dirty, room. The son came forward, and after greeting me with studied politeness, introduced his wife, who was lying on the bed, smoking opium. She quickly sat up and blew out the flame of her opium lamp. It was truly sad to see this young woman under the influence of that terrible drug, her eyes looking glassy in their peculiar brilliancy. By and by the

READING MISSIONARY LEAFLETS

poor woman told me how she had had a bad cough, and called in a native doctor, who prescribed opium smoking and how she could not get on without it. Her mother-in-law turned to me and said, 'It is you who send the opium and force us to have it.' I have been told this many times, and it is most unpleasant, to say the least of it, to have this remark cast in one's teeth.

After a nice long talk in that room, and an invitation to come again soon and 'talk' more, I was shown over the rest of the house. The study was a bare room containing two chairs and no books! On returning to the court downstairs by another way, I found my chairmen making a row about chair money, and demanding three times the proper sum. As soon as I appeared the amount demanded was given, out of respect to my feelings, although I assured my hostess that I did not expect the chair money to be paid by them. It is a polite custom to pay a visitor's expenses. I then took my leave, after a great deal of bowing and requests to return soon from the women, my friend, Mr. Chanticleer, strutting out to speed the parting guest by loud and prolonged crowing!

Meeting a Philistine.

('Deaconess Advocate.')

'Some day, when the thermometer is ninety-five in the shade,' said a pastor to his deaconess, 'you might like to call on Mrs. Johnson, 120 LeMoyne street.' Sometimes the preacher was a trifle waggish, and the deaconess suspected that this was such an occasion; so she only waited interrogatively.

'Perhaps you might get a reception that would temper the atmosphere somewhat.'

'Oh, frigid, you mean. Have you been there?'

'Yes; and had the door slammed in my face without ceremony. I give you fair warning, so don't go unless you choose. But you might have better success.'

The first time the deaconess found herself in the vicinity of 120 LeMoyne street, she decided to try her fate. 'Hard words can't hurt much,' she said to herself, 'and who knows what cause she may have for her little bitterness.'

A young girl met her at the door, and with evident embarrassment ushered her into the family room where sat a very large woman, whose face grew black as a thunder cloud as she regarded her visitor without speaking. The girl's evident distress convinced the deaconess that vials of wrath were likely to be poured upon her head for admitting an unwelcome visitor as soon as she should be gone, and this made her the more anxious to conciliate the woman if possible.

'Good-morning,' she said, addressing the huge pair of shoulders turned toward her. 'It's an exceedingly warm morning, isn't it?'

There was no response, and the deaconess tried again.

'I am Miss Jennings from the Marlow Mission, and I hoped to be able to interest you and your daughter in our Home Department—'

But now the shoulders turned.

'I know what you are, and I want nothing to do with you. I believe you people are fools, and your preachers hypocrites. There! And I believe that I'm a better Christian than any of you with your pious cant. There, now!'

She had fired her shot and had nothing in reserve, but the deaconess never winced.

'The greatest Christian grace is charity, Mrs. Johnson, and I'm afraid you haven't very much of that. Now, I always believe that there is something good in everybody, even church members, and I am seldom disappointed.'

But the woman, rallying her forces, began a bitter tirade against churches and church people. Once the deaconess referred to something in the little Bible she carried, but the woman interposed: 'You needn't read to me out of that; I've got a Bible of my own, and I can do my own praying, too.' But as the deaconess continued to possess her soul in patience the woman paused and looked at her curiously.

'Why don't you get mad when I talk to you like this?'

'Because part of what you say is true, and I have no right to get mad at it; and part is not true, and it would be foolish to get mad at that.'

The woman smiled in spite of herself, and said in a more friendly tone than she had before used:

'You're different from the most of 'em, anyway. Any other woman would have been as mad as a hatter before this.'

The deaconess was not slow to seize the possibility of an approach to a better understanding, and in a few moments the two women were engaged in an earnest, frank, and comparatively friendly discussion of the great questions of life. After a visit of an hour and a half the deaconess rose to go. The woman rose too, and extended her hand cordially. 'Well, come again, and we'll have another talk about these things. I like to talk with you.'

The deaconess accepted the invitation, and in subsequent conversations Mrs. Johnson acknowledged that her views had undergone a transformation, and though not long after the family moved out of the neighborhood and was lost in the shifting tides of the city's population, the deaconess believes that the mother will yet come to a knowledge of the truth. Certainly her door will never again be slammed in the face of an ambassador of Christ.

Begin With God.

Begin the day with God! He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn, to him address thy lay.
Sing a new song at morn, join the glad woods and hills;
Join the fresh winds, and seas, and plains; join the bright flowers and rills.
Awake, cold lips, and sing! rise, dull knees, and pray!
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes, brush slothfulness away.
Look up beyond these clouds; thither thy pathway lies.
Mount up, away, and linger not; thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside! Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without, the faithless heart within.
Take thy first meal with God; he is thy heavenly food;
Feed with and on him; he with thee will feast in brotherhood.
Take thy first walk with God! Let him go forth with thee;
By stream, or sea, or mountain path, seek still his company.
Thy first transaction be with God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well, and all the day be love.

—Horatius Bonar.

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PROVERBS.

Dec. 15, Sun.—If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat.

Dec. 16, Mon.—He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.

Dec. 17, Tues.—He that hardeneth his heart shall fall.

Dec. 18, Wed.—He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.

Dec. 19, Thur.—The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.

Dec. 20, Fri.—Every man's judgment cometh from the Lord.

Dec. 21, Sat.—Every word of God is pure.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE MAGIC GLASSES

(By Julia D. Cowles, in 'Evening News.')

Once upon a time there lived two fairies named Optie and Pessie. Now, Optie and Pessie were sisters, but you never would have guessed it in the world, for they did not look one bit alike.

Each of these fairies, had a very strange habit of always carrying about a pair of little glasses, through which to look at anything or anybody that interested her.

One day they started out for a walk, taking their precious glasses with them.

They had not gone far when a toad hopped across the path.

'What is that?' they both exclaimed; and both put up their glasses to look.

'Oh, oh, oh!' screamed Pessie. 'It is a great big monster!'

'Why, no,' answered Optie; 'it is a very little thing, and quite harmless, I am sure.'

But Pessie had started to run away, and Optie's words could not stop her.

'How foolish,' thought Optie, 'to run away from such a little thing'; and she stood watching the toad as he hopped away.

The next day they started for another walk. When they reached the edge of the woods, they began to pick up the nuts which had fallen upon the ground.

Suddenly Optie said, 'Listen!' High on the bough of a tree sat a bird singing as though his little throat would burst. Up went both glasses at once.

'What a beautiful bird!' said Optie. 'And how charmingly he sings!'

'Pshaw!' answered Pessie. 'Do you call that little speck a beautiful bird? I am sure I cannot see any beauty in it, and surely its song cannot be worth listening to,' and she went on picking up the nuts and paying no attention to the music which filled all the air.

Optie looked at her sister in surprise. Then she exclaimed, 'I know, Pessie. You looked through the wrong side of your glasses.'

'No, I didn't,' snapped Pessie. 'I meant to look through that side.'

Optie tried to coax her just to try the other way and see how much nicer it was, but Pessie would not be persuaded; neither would she listen to the song.

After a while some boys were seen coming through the woods, and our two little fairies hid behind a tree till they should pass.

As one of the boys went by the tree, his foot struck the pile of nuts which had been carefully gathered, and scattered them all among the grass.

'Oh, dear!' exclaimed Pessie, when they were by, stamping her foot and snatching up her glasses. 'Just see what those great big boys have done; and we will have all our work to do over, for see how far away they have scattered our nuts.'

'Oh, never mind,' answered Optie, cheerfully, as she peered through her glasses. 'They were quite little boys, and probably did not notice them; besides, it won't take long to pick them up again. They are only scattered a little way.' And she set briskly to work, and had half of them picked up before Pessie had smoothed the wrinkles from her face.

And so it always was. If anything pleasant came in their way, Optie always looked through the side of her glass which made it appear as big as possible, or if anything unpleasant was discovered, she would look through the other side of her glass to make it seem very small and insignificant indeed; while Pessie always took the opposite course, and magnified the unpleasant things, but was quite unwilling that the good things should appear as large as they really were.

Of course Optie had a much better time than Pessie; but she never could persuade her sister to look through the same side of the glass that she did, and, finally she gave up trying, and laughingly declared that Pessie really enjoyed her way of looking at things, and so she should let her alone.

Well, when Optie and Pessie grew older and had households of their own to look after, they still used their magic glasses, but by this time they had become so trained in the use of them that they could see people's thoughts and motives as if they were the people themselves.

One morning Optie said to Rainbow, her husband (he was always such a gay little fellow that every one called him Rainbow): 'Now, dear, do remember to go to the Silk-spider's before you come home, and bring me some threads for my embroidery.'

Rainbow said he would; but when he came back he had forgotten all about it!

Optie felt a little inclined to scold, for she very much wanted to finish her embroidery that day, but first she took up her glasses and looked right into Rainbow's mind.

'It was a very little forget, after all,' she said to herself; 'not at all worth making any fuss about;' and so Rainbow had his favorite supper of mushrooms and honey, and in the evening they both took a walk to the Silk-spider's, and the embroidery was finished the next day.

At another time the little maid who did the housework neglected to set away the pail of water with which she had been washing the glass floors of their home, and one of the small Rainbows fell into the water.

Optie ran to the scene of trouble, and her first thought was, 'What a careless little maid, to be sure!' But when she had looked for a moment at the the pail and the dripping little Rainbow through those wonderful glasses, the whole affair seemed so small that she put Rainbow Jr. into dry clothes in a twinkling and, quietly reproved the little maid, who inwardly blessed her and determined to be very careful in the future.

At Pessie's home matters were very different.

To begin with, her husband was called Indigo because he was always so very blue—and no wonder! He had found he could not please his wife, try as he would, and so he had long ago given up trying; and as no man can be expected to be happy who has not a happy home, he was just about the bluest man the world has ever seen.

Then there were the little Indigos. The only streaks of real sunshine that ever came into their unhappy lives shone when they were permitted to go on a visit to their Aunt Optie's.

When they were at home, if a dress was torn or a knee worn through, their mother would look through her glasses sharply and declare that it was done on purpose to make her more work, when goodness knew she had enough to do, anyway!' and the offending Indigo would be sent to a closet or a corner to meditate upon the great wrong he had committed.

No willing little maid could be found to work for Pessie, although Mr. Indigo had scored the country to find one.

Pessie and her glasses were pretty well known, and people called her 'the cross fairy.'

After Optie and Pessie had used their glasses for a long time, they became enchanted so that Optie's glasses would magnify only the pleasant things and make the unpleasant ones look very small, and if used in any other way would make everything look confused and blurred.

Pessie's glasses, too, could only be used as she had used them, and were worthless if looked through in the opposite way.

One day a magician named Dispo Sition disguised himself as a beggar for the purpose of gaining possession of the wonderful glasses. He went to both Optie's and Pessie's houses, and soon afterward disappeared, and with him disappeared the two pairs of magic glasses!

He took them to his home, and made a great many like them, and distributed them all over the world.

But every one has the power of choosing one of the two kinds, and those who choose the kind like Optie's are called Optimists, while those who choose the kind made like Pessie's are called Pessimists.

Which sort have you decided to wear?

The Reason Why.

(By Lotta Miller, in 'American Messenger.')

CHAPTER I.

'A year of rest from study, reading and all else requiring close observation, early retirement to avoid artificial light, and smoked or green glasses to shield the eyes from strong daylight or sunlight. At the end of the year they will be as strong as ever.'

'Lose a whole year from my studies!' exclaimed Katherine Waybrough.

'It will soon pass,' Kathy,' said her father.

'It will never pass!' cried Katherine, with a despairing accent on the word 'never.'

'Nonsense,' said the celebrated oculist, who was also her father's friend. 'A year is a very short time, indeed, young lady. Besides, those who err must pay the penalty sooner or later. You had no mercy on those

pretty brown servants of yours when they cried out to you for rest, but goaded them to their utmost limit of endurance. Now you must get along without them for a time, or——' he paused.

Katherine turned the brown orbs under discussion inquiringly toward him.

'Lose your sight, perhaps forever!' said the great oculist, impressively.

'Then I suppose I must do as you say,' returned Katherine. 'But it is very hard for me to give up all my plans and be idle for a whole year.'

'Did I prescribe idleness?' smiled the oculist.

'I think you did,' answered Katherine. 'If I am to give up reading and study, there is very little left for me to do.'

'There is a great deal left for you. Your other senses are all intact. Learn to use your mind's eye, my dear Katherine.'

'It is easy to——' began Katherine with trembling lips.

'Give advice—is that what you were going to say? So it is. Yet I always try to make it as easy for my patients as possible. Some I have to order into close confinement in dark rooms for indefinite periods of time. You should be very grateful that that sentence is not yours.'

'I am,' said Katherine, 'but still it is a very hard one for me.'

'Of course it is,' said the great oculist, taking her hand in a friendly good-by clasp. 'But the only remedy. Remember that and obey, like a good child.'

* * * * * * * *

'I will not be pitied,' cried Katherine, her head pressed against her mother's shoulder.

'My dear daughter! One would think you six instead of sixteen! I am sure it only shows how sincere is the sympathy of your school-girl friends.'

'But I don't want it, mamma! It drives me wild! It does, indeed! I wish I didn't need to see and listen to them, for then I am always thinking of the long year ahead of which they will have the full benefit while I lose it altogether.'

Mrs. Waybrough pressed the brown head closer.

'Is it very wrong to feel hard and bitter when I think of the year I am to lose?'

'It is a very natural feeling just at first, darling, but one which it is wrong not to try to overcome.'

There was a long silence. Then Mrs. Waybrough said:

'Kathy, what do you say to paying Aunt Eunice a visit now? She has asked you so often and is so lonely all by herself in that big house of hers down in Wesleyborough. And no one knows you there but herself, so there will be no one to pity you.'

'Then I'll go,' said Katherine.

A long letter from Mrs. Waybrough preceded Katherine to Wesleyborough. When Miss Eunice Waybrough read it, her eyes filled with tears.

'Dear child!' she said, as she bustled about, giving directions and making preparations for the reception of her young niece. 'No! she shall not be pitied! And more than that, she shall cease to pity herself.'

CHAPTER II.

'If beset by doubts and fears,
And no ray of light appears,
Wait a little,
Wait a little,
You may see;
If your burden seems so great,
That you scarce can bear the weight,
Wait a little,
Wait a little,
You may see.'

The fresh young soprano voice leading the Wesleyborough Sunday-school choir rose and fell above the other voices. It was the opening of the session and Katherine thrilled with the music.

She was no singer herself, but an ardent admirer of a sweet voice. At first she heeded not the words of the song, then found herself following them with growing interest.

'If your burden seems so great
That you scarce can bear the weight—
If your hope that seemed so bright,
All are doomed to suffer blight,
Wait a little.
Wait a little.
Might bring only wretchedness;
Wait a little.
You may see.'
What your heart would fain possess,
Wait a little.
You may see.'

All through the session the words haunted Katherine.

'"Wait a little, wait a little, you may see——' What?' thought Katherine. 'Perhaps why I am to lose this year of study.'

Trust the Lord and do the right,
Till your faith shall turn to sight,
Wait a little.
Wait a little.
You may see.'

'That girl sang the words as if she believed them,' thought Katherine. 'I should like to know her.'

After Sunday-school they were joined in the vestibule by the young singer herself, who was warmly greeted by Miss Eunice.

'My niece, Katherine Waybrough, Nellie,' she said, 'Katherine, this is Nellie Dean, who dines with me on Sunday because we are both lonely.'

'Miss Eunice always puts it that way to spare my feelings,' smiled Nellie, as they walked along three abreast, 'because she knows I appreciate her standing invitation. I live at a boarding-house and the quiet hours spent at her house are delightful to me. So she is pleased to say she enjoys my society.'

'She is pleased to say the truth,' said Aunt Eunice.

'You are the girl who sang so sweetly,' said Katherine. 'You cannot know how I enjoyed it. I hope you will sing again to-night, and sing the same song.'

'Which song?' asked Nellie, a little puzzled at the singular number.

'The one with the refrain "Wait a little, wait a little, you may see."'

'Ah!' said Nellie with a quick glance at Katherine's face, 'You liked that best did you? That is a great favorite of mine.'

'It impressed me very much,' returned Katherine.

After dinner while Miss Eunice took her 'forty winks,' Katherine and Nellie exchanged confidences on the sofa, and almost before she knew it, Katherine found herself telling Nellie of her great trial.

And in return, Nellie told Katherine of the dreadful fever that had left her fatherless and motherless, and the bank failure that swallowed up her father's hard earnings that were to have bought the little home.

'My aunt gave my younger sister and brother a home,' concluded Nellie, 'and I work in the factory here and support myself and help them a little, too. Then the church pays for the vocal lessons which I take in the evenings. And I am very happy, though I miss the dear home folk, greatly.'

'But the future,' said Katherine. 'Have you no ambition?'

'I should like to be a great church singer,' said Nellie. 'Perhaps some day I may be. In the meantime I will,

'Trust the Lord and do the right,
Till my faith shall turn to sight,
Wait a little, Wait a little,
You may see.'

Nellie sang the words softly.

'Nellie,' said Katherine, after a little silence, 'I wonder why God gives us such hard lessons?'

'I think it must be lest we should forget Him else, or grow careless in His service,' said Nellie. 'And then, you know, "My ways are not thy ways." All those things are for our greatest good, if we could but see them as He does.'

'I am glad I heard that song,' said Katherine. 'I have felt so much happier since. Before, it seemed my cross was the heaviest ever given to mortal. It is ever so much lighter now. I am going to do as you are doing, Nellie.'

'Trust the Lord, and do the right,
Till my faith shall turn to sight,
Wait a little, wait a little,
You shall see.'

sang Nellie, softly.'

Christmas Eve.

(Mary A. Goodman, in New York 'Observer.')

No stockings to-night by the fender are hanging,
From feet that are treading on life's weary way.
No tokens of love from each interchanging,
Anxiously waiting the dawning of day.

The fire burns so brightly, the room is so neat,
'Tis painfully still to our oft-listening ear;
We list for the sound of fast running feet,
That in memory, alas! the sweet echo we hear.

I muse o'er the shadowy forms of the past;
My heart fills the stockings the same as of yore;
I heed not the sound of the fierce wintry blast,
As it sweeps on so rudely past my own cottage door.

The soft treading feet that made home life so dear
Are foot-sore and blending with thorns by the way,
Carrying life's burdens with trembling and fear,
The crosses and sorrows that no hand can stay.

O, God! at the end, when life's journey is o'er,
May the pilgrim find rest—sweet rest so secure,
Where flowers grace the paths on the bright shining shore,
Where joys for the ransomed forever endure.

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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is December, 1901, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Constance.

(By Minnie L. Upton, in 'American Messenger.')

We took the same car every morning for months. I don't know whether she was aware of that interesting fact, but I was acutely and delightfully conscious of it. It was a pleasure only to see her step in and take her seat, or, if the car was crowded, to watch her as she balanced her little figure with the apparent aid of a dangling strap. I always considered holding on to the strap a mere form, a concession to public opinion, so far as Constance was concerned. I am sure she might have stood unaided, with perfect ease and grace, in the most hopelessly jolty car that ever made its way nonchalantly down Washington street over intermittent repairs and temporary bits of track.

'Constance Wall.' I liked the name, for, with all her supple grace, there was a sturdy independence in her poise, a self-reliant look in her gray eyes, that made it seem absolutely appropriate.

How did I know her name? Oh, I learned it—piecemeal! First, I heard a gentleman acquaintance address her as 'Miss Wall.' That was all I knew for a long time; then, one morning there chanced to be a vacant seat by me. That is, partly chanced, and, partly, I had been saving that place, with judicious spreading of skirts and parcels, for I knew where she would hail the car. And when she came—presto! the parcels were in my lap, the skirts condensed incredibly, and there was ample room for—Constance! Yes, that was her name, for the lady seated by her on the other side hailed her jubilantly by name as an old schoolmate.

I wasn't eavesdropping for I couldn't help hearing what they said, though they kept their fresh young voices down to the approved pitch. The first greetings over, the friend asked:

'When do you go aboard, Constance?'

'The day after New Year's! Oh, it seems too good to believe! Sometimes I've been half disguested with the old coat and turned dresses and cheap gloves and hats' (she had always looked such a lady that I had never noticed what she wore); 'and my little side room has been a weariness to the flesh; but what do such things signify, when one thinks of a trip across the sea—of France, and Germany, and Italy, and England, with their splendid castles and quaint old towns, and art galleries and cathedrals! Every time my back has ached with my stenography I've said to myself over and over again, 'Europe! Europe!! Europe!!!' and I'd forget that I possessed such a thing as a back, heir to ills of various sorts and sizes.'

Her eyes were dancing, and she laughed a little rippling laugh as she smoothed one carefully-darned mitten.

'What if something should prevent your going?' queried the friend.

I could have shaken her. The light in Constance's eyes faded and was replaced by a look of actual terror.

'Oh, nothing will prevent me—nothing!' she cried.

Two or three other passengers looked up curiously from their newspapers. She lowered her voice, flushing painfully.

'Why should anything happen? What could happen? I never was ill a day in my life. And you know very well how relieved Aunt Eleanor was when I came away from her home and learned stenography. I don't blame her; her family is large and expensive. But the fact remains that no one has any claim of relationship upon me. I can hardly remember my mother, and father was lost at sea just before she died. I think it killed her. Aunt Eleanor had me sent to her. I came five hundred miles alone—I was four years old. Aunt Eleanor did her best for me, as she understood it. If she couldn't love me, why—she couldn't.'

'You are a fortunate girl to be able to do as you please. Now, I——'

'Fortunate! fortunate! Oh, Blanche.'

Just then the conductor called my street, and I heard no more. The weeks went by—flew by, it seemed to me.

It was the day before Christmas. The cars were so crowded that there was scarcely room to breathe. I had just succeeded in squeezing myself into the minimum amount of space that a self-respecting, medium-sized human being can exist in, and was thinking, with an appreciable pang that the motorman would not stop to take on my girl, when the car stopped and in she stepped, buoyant, breezy, and stood beside me, panting a little from her run.

A man stood with his back toward us—a shrinking morsel of a man whose whole mind seemed to be absorbed in solving the problem of how to fill the least possible amount of space. He was admirably adapted to a closed electric car at the holiday season. His round coonskin cap had parted with most of its fur (apparently to economize space), and fitted closely upon his bald head, with its fringe of sparse gray curls lying upon the shiny collar of his threadbare coat, which was buttoned tightly over his narrow chest; his trousers were tucked snugly into a pair of shabby, long-legged boots, which charitably swallowed up half their rusty length. His small smooth-shaven face wore an anxious, deprecating expression, as he offered the conductor a dime so thin that I marvelled at its continuance in circulation. The rotund, shining nickel given in return offended my sense of the fitness of things, as he contemplated it for a moment in his wrinkled palm, before slipping it into his flat pocket-book.

Suddenly his eyes fell upon Constance, as she stepped forward to make room for a new arrival. His face changed marvellously. He turned abruptly and laid a trembling hand upon her sleeve.

'Excuse me, miss, but be ye any connection—that is, be ye any acquainted—I mean, did ye ever happen to hear of a gal by the name of Constance Wall?'

'That is my name,' she answered, smiling down into the tense old face, just as I saw her once smiling at a very little newsboy, who had dropped his papers into a puddle. (She bought them all, and gave him ten cents beside to buy a cup of coffee and a sandwich.) 'I am Constance Wall,' she said, as he continued to gaze speechlessly at her.

'And ye don't remember—ye don't know—of course ye don't—oh, oh!' He turned away, his face drawn with pain.

With a quick, eager movement she caught his arm. 'You look as Grandfather Wall did, but he's—oh, you're not my father, are you? So old, so worn! Father father!'

The little old man was sobbing like a child, huddled in a seat which had just been vacated.

'I've looked for ye so long!' he quavered; 'I couldn't find no trace. I advertized and hired men to look ye up till my money gin out. Since then I've travelled round afoot, mostly, doin' whatever I could, an' lookin', lookin', lookin' fer my leetle gal—thinkin' sometimes I'd found some trace an' then it 'd all come to nothin'. But now—ye look jest like yer mother, Connie. There's no mistake this time!'

The 'leetle gal' was kneeling on the muddy car floor, her strong young arms about him. She did not care for the wondering passengers—rather, she was not aware of them.

'There, there, father,' she murmured (and again I thought of the very little newsboy); 'there, there, dearest! You've found me, and it's all right now, and—and I'm the happiest girl in the world. I thought I had no one and I have—a father! We'll have such a cozy home! I have a good position, and I have money—such a lot of money—in the bank! And we will have a little house, somewhere in the suburbs, with a garden and——'

The little old man sat up and wiped his face with an enormous red handkerchief.

'That'll be very nice, dearie; but you're the main thing, an' I've found you, an'—termorrer is Christmas Day!'

Freed by a Barrel of Oysters.

One of the best-known banking houses of St. Petersburg, says the New York 'Tribune,' is that of Messrs. Shalounine & Sons, the founder of which, father of the present head of the firm, owed his liberation from serfdom, fifteen years before the decree of emancipation, to a barrel of oysters.

Old Shalounine was a serf belonging to Count Sheremetieff, one of the wealthiest nobles in Russia. He had frequently entreated the Count to grant him his freedom, offering him as much as £10,000 for the boon. But money was no object to the Count, and it gratified his pride to feel that one of the leading bankers of the empire was one of his serfs, unable to marry either his sons or his daughters without his master's consent. Moreover, as serf, the banker was liable to have his money seized and confiscated at any moment by the Count, since everything that belonged to a serf, including his wife, children, and property, belonged to his master.

One day Shalounine, who had just that very morning returned to the capital from Odessa, called at the Sheremetieff Palace for the purpose of reporting his arrival, as in duty bound, to his owner. He had brought with him a barrel of delicious Crimean oysters for presentation to the Count, but left them in his carriage at the palace door until he should have obtained his master's intimation that his gift was acceptable.

On entering the presence of the Count the banker found him surrounded by a party of guests and engaged in rating his chief butler for neglecting to provide oysters for the breakfast to which they were about to sit down. The butler was explaining to the Count that there were no oysters to be got in the capital at that moment for love or money. Catching sight of the self-banker, the Count exclaimed:

'Oh, it is thou again: thou are come to pester me once more for thy liberation! Thou knowest that it is useless. I should not know what to do with thy money. But, stay, I will tell thee something: Get me some oysters for my breakfast, and thou shalt have thy freedom.'

Shalounine bowed low, left the room, fetched the small barrel of oysters which he had left in his carriage at the door, and laid it as the feet of his master.

As soon as the barrel had been opened the Count called for a pen and paper, wrote out a declaration emancipating both the banker and his family from serfdom, and then, bowing courteously to the man who but a moment before had been his slave, exclaimed: 'And now, my dear Mr. Shalounine, will you give us the pleasure of your company at breakfast?'—'Friendly Greetings.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscribers, on or before Jan. 1, 1902.

Too Great a Sacrifice

(By Lilian Searle, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

Mrs. Solon Miles was bending over the wash tub. Her sleeves were rolled high above her elbows, and a huge rubber apron protected her clean print gown. The rest of the family had gone from home, earlier in the day, to attend the county fair. A huge basket of soiled clothing at her side testified as to the way her coming hours were to be occupied.

Her face was refined and even delicate-looking, but her surroundings were not in accordance with her appearance. A close observer would have said that her face showed suffering, not that of a great sorrow, but of a constant self-sacrifice.

It is the steady dropping which wears away the hardest rock, and Mrs. Miles's nature bore little or no resemblance to rock. Her character was of the kind easily moulded to others' desires. She did not attend the fair, principally because it would cost the small sum of twenty-five cents, but partly for the reason that it would be pleasant for the others to have a warm supper ready, on their return. Yet Mrs. Miles was not mercenary, and her husband was 'well-to-do.'

'I suppose I might have gone with them,' she soliloquized, over her wash tub; 'I should so like to see Adelia Smith and Julia Ridges, and they will both surely be there. But then, Gracie wants a new girdle and the money will help to buy her one.'

To be sure, Grace's beseeching blue eyes, begging mother to go with them; and even Solon's blunt, 'You'd better go, Cyntha,' with a sound of invitation in it, reproached her; yet, on the whole, she rather enjoyed her unselfishness. A thought suggested itself, that her constant sacrifices might teach the others to consider their own interests first, and that when they found her presence was usually unobtainable, they would cease to desire it, and remove their attention to outsiders; but she dismissed this thought at once and continued her homely labor with a satisfied sigh.

'Oh, Mamma!' exclaimed Grace, with girlish enthusiasm, as she ran into the house on her return from the fair, her glowing countenance reflecting the day's pleasures. 'I saw those ladies you wished to meet. How nice they are. They were so well-dressed and so cordial. They inquired particularly about you and said they had expected to see you.'

Mrs. Miles's first thought was of her out-of-season hat and old-fashioned gown, and rather bitterly she wished that she, too, might have clothing, which would improve rather than detract from her good looks.

'My husband is wealthier than either of theirs,' she thought. 'Why cannot I be as well dressed as my old friends? Grace would delight in my being stylishly dressed. But clothes do not make or mar the person,' she reasoned, 'and yet—and yet they do to an extent,' she honestly admitted.

To her daughter she said, 'I am very glad you met them, Gracie, as they were dear friends of mine when I was young,' and a sigh escaped her, that she could not still continue that friendship.

'Who accompanied you about, my daughter?' she inquired, with a loving interest.

'I went around with Cora Stone, mother. She is real nice, and wants me to attend her party next week. She is such a lively girl, I did enjoy it so much.'

The mother chided herself; her presence at the fair would have saved her daughter from this undesirable acquaintance.

'Cora Stone is not just the kind of an associate I wish you to choose, Gracie,' she said, soberly.

Her daughter's face clouded. 'Why, mother, I think she is splendid,' she argued, in girlish enthusiasm. 'Won't you let me go to her party?'

'We will see later,' Mrs. Miles replied, postponing her duty, and giving rise to greater opposition. It was very distasteful to her to interfere with another's desires, besides her will was weakened by constant yielding to others.

'Oh, mother!' exclaimed Grace, a few moments later, her enthusiasm not long subdued by her mother's reproval, 'I saw such beautiful musical instruments of all kinds! I do wish I could take music lessons again this fall; I think I might soon be able to teach beginners.'

'I wish you could, my daughter, but I don't know what your father would say,' she answered, going into the pantry to hide the tears which came into her eyes.

When Solon Miles came in to supper, that evening, his face shone with good-nature, and his tones were cheerful. He had enjoyed the fair, and made a good private bargain. Ere the meal was finished, Grace, with considerable discernment as to the wisest time, timidly broached the subject of the desired music lessons. At first he was ready to respond favorably, as he thought of the roll of bills in his pocket so lately received. But his love of accumulation got the better of him and he hesitated.

'Why, I don't see how you can now, dottie; I've got to have a new plough this fall, and that shed must be fixed; besides, the interest money is most due, and I want to make a payment.'

Grace's eyes filled with tears. Her supper remained unfinished; and she soon slipped away to her room to ease her disappointment and impatience by selfishly 'having a good cry.'

'If father was poor,' she sobbed, 'I would not feel so. But his home is paid for, and the mortgage nearly cleared from that other big farm he bought. It seems to me he might begin to be more liberal. And I could so soon pay it back, if I could only have a little sum now,' she moaned.

Solon Miles was not unobserving. He saw his daughter's disappointment and it touched his heart, not yet quite hardened.

'Well, she'll be the gainer in the end,' he consoled himself. 'All I'm working for is my children. And they'll find it pretty handy to have a nice bit of property left them by-and-by.'

The next morning Grace arose early, and there was an air of brisk determination about her. Her will was not yet subdued like her mother's. While they were finishing the breakfast work, she said: 'Don't you suppose, mother, I could earn the money some way to take those lessons?'

'I don't know, Gracie,' she replied, disliking to again darken the girl's hopes; 'I don't believe your father would allow you to work outside the family. I guess you'll have to wait till he feels better off.'

The hopeful light slowly sank out of Grace's eyes, she knew by experience, her years even, had taught that it would be lengthy waiting.

Mrs. Miles did not offer encouragement by saying, 'My child, your talent for music is God-given; and the desire you feel to use it points to a fulfilment. Have faith to believe an opportunity will come to you; and, in the meantime, devote all your leisure to self-instruction.'

She had so long succumbed to a stronger will, she thought the relinquishment of her individuality, was a Christian virtue. She said, 'Thy will be done,' meaning the Divine One; when oftentimes it was only her husband's.

'Solon,' said Mrs. Miles, a month later, 'I think if you can spare me a team, to-day, I will drive to the village to make some winter purchases. There are some things we must have.'

'Well, you can have the team, but I can't let you have any money now,' he said, gruffly, forestalling her asking. He had broken the handle to his hay-fork that morning, and as a breakage was entirely a loss he was in a decidedly ill humor.

Mrs. Miles's mouth closed with a drooping, pitiful expression. Her family must be clothed, and she had but a small sum accumulated by the most careful economy. And she did so long for the money to buy comforts that had been so long denied. She went to her own room, ostensibly to make her toilette, but as she turned the key in the lock, and sank into a chair, she exclaimed, 'What shall I do?'

The sight of a small box under the bed attracted her notice, and her eyes intuitively sought for its key, hanging on the hook by the stand.

'There is money enough there,' was her thought, 'and it is partly mine, too! I've helped in many ways to earn it. Besides, I had money of my own which came from my father. I will take what I need, and tell Solon to-night.'

She hastily dropped the window curtain, looked to see of the door was surely fastened, and then tiptoed for the key. She inserted it in the lock with trembling fingers, giving frightened glances around as though expecting an observer. The box opened readily and within lay the tempting bills. She lifted them, there were plenty of them.

'And I helped to earn them,' she repeated.

Laying them all back but one, she whispered to herself, 'This will help me out.'

Then the thought of her husband's wrath; the imagined sight of his blazing face, and sound of his angry words came suddenly to her, and she dropped the bill with a shudder and looked stealthily around, as if the very walls were witnesses against her. 'It seems as if I were stealing,' she thought.

She quickly unfastened the box again and replaced the bill, hanging the key in its place. Sinking again into the chair she endeavored to still her loudly beating heart.

The problem again confronted her. 'What shall I do?' she exclaimed. 'Johnnie needs muslin for shirts, Gracie new underflannels, her shoes have long been unfit for wear, and it all counts up so fast.'

Then she remembered her own warm underwear, bought by her husband in a spell of anxiety about her health last fall.

'I will give Gracie those,' she decided. 'She goes out more than I, and the old ones will do for indoor wear. But what if I should take cold and my lungs again disable me? Well, I can wear my little shawl when necessary. I will trust in God,' she added, devoutly.

She felt relieved, having done away with the necessity of buying the flannels she could eke out her little store, now, for actual must-haves; and no angry husband need confront her because she told him she had taken some money. She prepared for the drive with almost cheerfulness, and Grace was astonished, when she came from her room with a smile on her face.

'What a good woman mother is,' she thought, as she bade her good-bye.

Solon, too, had become good-natured. Besides keeping his money, he had thought of

a useless fork with a good handle, lying in a rubbish heap; which would mend his recently broken one, and save expense. He hastened to get it when his wife took the team.

As the family were gathered around the kitchen stove that evening, Mrs. Miles busily sewing, her husband reading the paper and the children variously busy, she thought of a dress-pattern she had been unable to buy for lack of funds.

'I saw a great bargain at Brow's, to-day, Gracie, a beautiful piece of dress goods, all wool with linings and trimmings all complete. The pattern may have been a trifle scant but I think we could have made it answer. I wanted very much to get it for you,' and a faint sigh escaped her.

Solon Miles, figuratively speaking, pricked up his ears. He delighted in bargains and 'sposed women folks must have some clothes.'

'How much was the cloth?' he asked from behind his paper.

'The price was five dollars,' she replied, 'but it has been marked down to three-fifty. It is well worth five dollars for it is a beautiful piece of goods.'

'Three-fifty,' he thought; 'that is an awful price to pay for one dress; but if it is a bargain we had better secure it, as Grace will need to have a dress some time most likely. Besides, she was so disappointed about the music lessons, and this is cheaper, and will probably answer just as well.'

Aloud he said, 'Well, why don't you get it? You can send for it in the morning by Taylor. I'll give you the money.' He took his purse from his pocket, and very carefully counted out the exact change.

It was so unusual, the whole family gazed at him for a moment in astonishment. A glad, happy light came into Mrs. Miles's eyes, and a rosy color to her cheeks. Grace went flitting over to her side, like a bird that flies for joy.

'Tell me more about it, mamma. What is the color? And how shall we make it?'

She ran for the fashion papers, and they talked together like two happy children. The boys ventured to make rather more noise than usual, and secretly wondered, 'what ailed father.'

Even Mr. Miles dropped his paper to enjoy the atmosphere of cheerfulness that pervaded the room. His generosity gave him a very self-satisfied mind, and he even began to suggest plans for remodelling the house, 'when the other farm is paid for.'

Such a pleasant evening, just among themselves, was an event long remembered. The sight of the dress, too, always brought pleasant recollections. Though it certainly did not offset the benefit of a musical education to Grace, it did soften her heart towards her father.

'I suppose he is saving to help me, also,' she reasoned, 'but I wish I could have a little of his savings now while I could use it to the best advantage.'

They learned, alas, no lesson of value from this life of rigid denial. No wise counsellor foretold, that as they narrowed their existence by constant saving, the poor inner man would be crippled and confined, until he would almost cease to influence the material one in which he was embodied. A grasping desire to accumulate, is a very different thing from true economy.

As the years passed by Mrs. Miles grew weaker, both in physical strength and will. One day she became unusually disheartened. Going to her little room, which was nearly destitute of all but the mere necessaries she dropped wearily into a little low chair by the only window.

'Why am I situated thus?' she wondered. 'When I have tried so hard, and have myself done so much to help pay for our home and more land, too, than we needed. Yet, now, I can have none of the benefits of the wealth we have accumulated nor the comforts which my whole nature craves. We are surrounded by much less wealthy people yet deny ourselves, as luxuries, everything elevating or refining; which to them are common necessaries.'

Then she tried to shake off her melancholy thoughts by prayer. 'Oh, God, teach me to overcome the desire to enjoy the privileges, which are bestowed upon thy other children. Teach me rather to live in thee, that in things spiritual I may find the joy denied in material. I am but a broken reed, crushed by environment instead of its conqueror. Teach me to relinquish ungrudgingly the things I long for most. Teach me to bear my daily lot and to look forward to the life hereafter for thy blessings.'

Pitiful was the weakness into which she had fallen. Pitiful also, the result, that must follow from her lack of strength. But as the prayer of faith will ever find answer, she was helped to live her present bare existence. But, not only was her life affected, but those to whom she was supposed to administer, according to her best judgment. And the lives of her children were well worth a struggle for a right and generous living.

A few years passed, and Grace wedded a man highly approved by her parents, not only for his economical habits but for the small farm he already owned. He would surely be amply competent to manage the property his wife would receive at the death of her father, to which he was now looking forward.

A life of deprivation caused the lines that were soon discernible on her once pretty face, and her will fast grew to resemble her mother's. The boys had married. They were known in their locality chiefly for their tendency to drive sharp bargains, sometimes even verging upon dishonesty. Their meagre education had been acquired at the school in their district, for their father had never seen the time when he wished to spare money that would not bring returns in the same kind. Their dress was not calculated to give them self-respect in society, so they avoided the companionship of others who might have aroused them to desire a better and fuller life. Sometimes family dissensions were brought about, when one brother allowed his acquisitiveness to overrule brotherly regard, for the gain of a few more of the much-prized dollars.

And so the work of narrowing their earthly existence continued. The lives which might have been filled with innocent pleasures and devoted to the elevation of their fellowmen, were moving in opposition to the law of both natural and spiritual progress, and doing their part in delaying the time when the heavenly kingdom shall be also the earthly.

One Paper of Pins.

(By Martha Clark Rankin, in 'Wellspring.')

'There goes Mis' Reed's funeral procession,' said my dressmaker, as she deftly hooked my waist, at the same time watching the line of passing carriages. 'Dretful queer woman, wa'n't she?'

'I didn't know her at all,' was my response.

'You didn't? And didn't you ever hear about her getting along on one paper of pins?'

'One paper of pins! What do you mean?' was my puzzled inquiry.

'Why, I mean that Mis' Reed was fifty years old, and she'd never had but one paper of pins in her life! She said 'twould be extravagance to buy another, and she was worth more'n twenty thousand dollars, too! Her only ambition seemed to be to get along without ever buying any more pins, and she'd pick one up wherever she could find it. Folks say there's whole rows on that old paper that's never been touched! She was just about as 'fraid to use a pin as she was a cent. Well, it does beat all how queer folks get sometimes!'

As I put on my coat and left the house, just in time to see the last of the carriages disappear round the corner, there arose in my mind an involuntary image of Mrs. Reed, niggardly, small-minded, selfish, looking down instead of up, with no broad views of life, without sympathy for her fellow-mortals.

Afterwards, I found that the real 'Mis' Reed' was very much such a person as the one of my mental vision, and I felt that here was a warning for young people to beware of small ambitions. Economy is a good thing, a virtue that ought to be practiced to a certain extent, but to make it an ambition, the ruling purpose of one's life, especially when its practice is unnecessary, is to dwarf and degrade one's character.

Every life should have a ruling purpose, an ideal which is always spurring one on to greater attainment, but it is of the utmost importance that this purpose, this ideal, be uplifting and ennobling. Let us beware of anything so small as the ambition to get through life on one paper of pins.

'World Wide.'

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The Lord Mayor's Show—'Daily News,' London.
Round the Show on a Motor—'Daily Mail,' London.
Lord Kitchener's Advice to Mr. Steyn—Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Plain Man's Politics—Part II.—By William Archer, in 'Monthly Review,' London.
On Jingoism—'The Commonwealth,' London.
Mr. Balfour on Faith and Conduct—'The Spectator,' London.
The Episcopal Church Protestant—New York 'Tribune.'
Wealth, Poverty and Socialism in Italy—By L. Villari, in 'Monthly Review' Abridged.
Mr. Dooley's Meditations on the Booker Washington Dinner.
The New School System New York 'Times.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Usefulness of Art.
Photography and Art—New York 'Post.'
The Stage and Shakespeare—'The Speaker,' London.
Leeds and Music—By Sforzando, in 'Morning Leader,' London.
The Angelus—By Edwin Markham, suggested by Millet's painting.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

An Autumn Sonnet—'Westminster Budget.'
Ave—Poem, by Harold Beghie, in London 'Morning Post.'
Coming of the Winter—Poem, by Herman Merivale, in 'The Standard,' London.
The Gathering of Brother Hilarius—'The Pilot,' London.
The Oxford Dictionary—Completion of the Fifth Volume—New York 'Post.'
The Ethiop Tradition—'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Ruskin at Oxford—By the Very Rev. G. W. Kitchin, D.D., in 'St. George,' London.
Samuel Richardson—'Literature,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Way to Wash—'Westminster Budget.'
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A Motherly Cat.

Some years ago the attention of a family in Ohio was called to a brood of young chickens by a cat who seemed to devote her time and attention to them. They were regularly fed by the mistress of the house. The cat frequently purred

THE CAT WHO TOOK CARE OF THE CHICKENS.

to them, and they came at her call, and followed her as closely as chickens follow the mother hen. They lodged together in a wood-shed adjacent to the house for about three months; but in the early spring, the chickens, being well fledged, abandoned their winter quarters, and flew into the higher branches of a fruit tree to roost. The cat purred and mewed, and seemed much disgusted at their change of lodgings, but soon accepted the situation, and climbed to the tree-top and roosted with the chickens.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

Susanne's Christmas.

(By Frances J. Delano, in the 'Congregationalist.')

'Grandfather, seems as though there's Christmas angels all over the world,' said Susanne as she climbed up on grandfather's knee and laid her head on his shoulder. 'This is going to be the best Christmas of all,' she continued. 'Can't you feel things in the air, Grandfather—kinder different, you know, like as if angels or something real good was round close to you?'

Susanne lifted her head and gazed eagerly into grandfather's eyes. The old man drew the child closer to him, and Susanne, considering grandfather's silence to mean 'yes,' put her head down again with a happy sigh.

'To-morrow night,' continued Susanne, 'there won't be any one in this house, will there, Grandfather?'

'No,' said grandfather, 'I reckon there won't. I reckon we'll all be driving off to the Christmas tree.'

Here Susanne sat bolt upright again and clapped her hands. 'O, Grandfather, did you ever see a Christmas tree in your whole life? I never did. And you and I'll sit on the back seat, won't we?' Susanne seldom waited for grandfather to reply to her questions, 'and when we get there, Grandfather, and the Christmas tree begins, then you'll be glad, 'cause there's going to be a s'prise for you, but it's a secret'—here Susanne's eager eyes were riveted on grandfather's placid face.

'Well, child,' said Susanne's aunt, 'if you don't be getting to bed pretty soon I guess there won't be a secret long.'

Susanne did dislike to go to bed, but grandfather put her down on the floor and gave her two extra kisses because it was Christmas Eve, and then there was nothing left for her to do but to find her way up the stairs to her own little room.

There was a brown paper package in Susanne's upper bureau drawer, and as soon as she got up stairs she took it out and felt of it. The next morning she took the package into bed with her and a dozen times during the day she went up to the little room and taking off the wrappings looked lovingly at the contents. It was the first Christmas present that Susanne had ever given to any one. She had earned the money all herself, picking huckleberries. The present was a jews-harp for grandfather. Long ago he had owned one and he could play beautiful tunes upon it. He had told Susanne once that if he only had one now he felt sure that he could make music, and very likely he could teach Susanne some tunes. So Susanne had thought and

thought how she could get one for him. Now here it was in her bureau drawer. Only a few hours more and it would be hanging on the Christmas tree, grandfather would have his name called and he would walk up to the tree and take off the wrappings and—O, Susanne felt as if she couldn't wait until night.

But the hours really did pass by at last and Jim went out into the barn to harness up. Grandfather's coat was brushed and Susanne's hood tied and everything was ready.

Aunt Minerva, who was mother to the other children, and their great aunt were to sit on the front seat with Jim for driver. Grandfather and Susanne and the two girls were to sit on the back seat, and Tom was to sit on the floor. It seemed a great while to Susanne before the horses came up, and meanwhile grandfather had been called into the kitchen and there seemed to be a great deal of stir and bustle. Susanne stood by the window watching, her brown paper package held tightly in her hand. Presently she called, 'Here comes Jim, here he comes,' and then before she was quite sure what she was about she was in the pung, and the horses had started and she was on the front seat sitting in her aunt's lap.

'Why! where is grandfather? I thought I was going to sit side of grandfather,' she cried, stretching round to see what had become of him. 'Oh! grandfather isn't here,' exclaimed the child. 'Whoa! whoa! you've forgotten grandfather.'

'There, there,' said Aunt Minerva, 'don't take on, child, we haven't forgotten him; the back seat broke down when Jim was trying to fasten it in and grandfather said he just "leaves" stay home. He couldn't sit on the floor, you know, Susanne, he's too old, and he doesn't care about Christmas trees, not a mite. You can tell him all when you get back, and we'll carry him some of the cake. There now, don't cry.'

But Susanne refused to be comforted. Grandfather had never seen a Christmas tree, and, although the rest of the family did not suspect the truth, the child's unerring instinct told her that he had eagerly anticipated the occasion. Poor little Susanne! She did not cry very long, but the beautiful Christmas tree had faded away, and the great dark eyes looking out into the night saw only dear, patient old grandfather sitting in the deserted room at home.

The vestry was pretty well filled when the family reached it. A curtain was drawn across one end of the room, and Aunt Minerva, after taking off Susanne's things, gathered up a lot of packages and disappeared behind it. The great aunt found somebody to talk with and Jim and Tom and the girls began to play games.

Before very long the people were asked to be seated, the curtain was drawn aside and there stood the most beautiful Christmas tree that could possibly be imagined. Santa Claus was present, too, and the first name to be called was Susanne Winslow. Santa Claus held the package very high and called the name a second time, 'Susanne Winslow.' Everybody looked around but no Susanne could be seen anywhere. Aunt Minerva stood up and spoke her name quite sharply, but no little voice responded.

'Why,' she said, 'Susanne must be here, I took her things off myself not fifteen minutes ago.' Then all of a sudden it flashed into Aunt Minerva's mind that Susanne might have started for home. 'Oh! you don't suppose she's gone home, do you?' she exclaimed, in a frightened voice. 'She was disappointed because we couldn't bring grandfather, and now I'm afraid she has gone home—all alone—three miles—in the dark, too—and the snow!'

The room was as still as still could be. Everybody looked at everybody else, and no one seemed to know what to do until the minister, who was a genius for helping people out of difficulties, declared he could make things all right.

'Just drop the curtain, Santa Claus,' he said. 'I'll take Rex, he's all harnessed, and bring Susan back in no time.'

Then the minister put on his great coat, and before any one could say a word he was speeding away over the country road. Rex was the fastest horse in town, and it wasn't very long before the minister saw in the moonlight a little figure trudging along over the snow.

'Hello, Susanne,' he called, as he drove up to her. 'There is a nice Christmas present on the tree for you, jump in and I'll give you a sleigh-ride back to the vestry'

But the minister's words did not have the desired effect. Susanne started to run as fast as she could. The minister soon overtook her, and this time he spoke her name quite sternly. Susanne stopped at once.

'Get into the sleigh, dear, I want to talk to you.' The minister's voice was trustworthy, and Susanne stepped into the sleigh.

'Don't you want to go back to the Christmas tree?' he asked.

Susanne shook her head.

'Why not, dear'

Susanne lifted her troubled eyes to the minister's. 'I want to go home and stay with grandfather.'

'But the people are all waiting for us, and your aunt wants you to come back,' he urged.

Again Susanne shook her head. 'Grandfather's all alone, and there's lots er folks to the Christmas tree.'

'Is grandfather sick?' asked the minister.

'No, sir, but the seat broke down and there wasn't any room, and grandfather's never seen a Christmas tree and I've got a present for him.' Here Susanne held up the brown paper package.

The minister looked down upon the earnest little face a moment, and then he spoke to Rex. 'I guess,' he said, 'we'll let the people at the vestry wait a few moments while you and I go back after grandfather.'

As Rex dashed over the road Susanne's eyes became more and more radiant with joy; at last she sat straight up in the sleigh, and words came to her relief:

'Grandfather'll hear the bells,' she cried, 'and he won't know who 'tis, and the bells'll stop and he won't know, and I'll run right in and he won't know 'tis me, 'cause he can't see real quick, and I know where his coat is and all his things, and he's got a clean handkerchief in his pocket, and I'll say, "Grandfather, Christmas has come true—and"'— Here Susanne, in her excitement, slipped off the seat and stood straight up, looking eagerly forward for the first glimpse of the old, familiar house in the bend of the road.

A little later when Susanne, holding grandfather fast by the hand, walked into the vestry, the minister with the brown paper package bringing up the rear, the people could hardly restrain their enthusiasm. Some helped Susanne with her things and some helped grandfather. The best seat in the room was given to grandfather, and a place was made for Susanne to sit close beside him. The minister took pains to hang grandfather's present on the tiptop of the Christmas tree, and so it was the last one to be taken off. Everybody watched grandfather untie the string, and then, to Susanne's unbounded joy and happiness, the minister asked him to play them all a tune. The old man stood up and played such beautiful music that all the old people cried for joy and the young people smiled with delight, and the minister, looking down upon Susanne's enraptured face, felt that in one little heart, at least, the beautiful Christmas spirit had found a home.

LESSON XII.—DECEMBER 22.

The Passage of the Red Sea.

Exodus xiv., 13-27. Memory verses 13-16. Psalm cvi., 7-12.

Golden Text.

I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously.—Ex. xv., 1.

Lesson Text.

(19) And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them: (20) And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these: so that the one came not near the other all the night. (21) And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. (22) And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground: and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left. (23) And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen. (24) And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, (25) And took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily; so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians. (26) And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. (27) And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

Suggestions.

After the Passover feast on that awful night in which the firstborn of Egypt, the pride of every household and the finest of the cattle which they worshipped, were slain, the Israelites who had all previously prepared themselves, started on their journey. The Egyptians were glad to have them go, they gave them silver and gold and precious metals and did not lift a finger to keep them in their land that first night. But it took several days for that great company to get fairly underway, and by the time they had reached the Red Sea, Pharaoh had again changed his mind and with a large company of horsemen pursued after the Israelites and almost overtook them. But God was with his people, guiding them with a pillar of fire by night and cloud by day.

When the Israelites saw the Egyptians coming after them, in battle array, they began to grow frightened and to doubt God's power, and they reproached Moses for having brought them away from Egypt. Fear of man destroyed their faith in God and they could see nothing before them but death. Moses prayed for the people and encouraged them to trust God's promises. He himself knew that God would take care of his people, but he could not see how it was to be done. Then, God told him to waste no time wondering, but to speak to the people that they should go forward.

How could they go forward? An immense multitude of men, women and children with their enemies behind them, and the waters of the Red Sea stretched as an apparently impassable barrier in front. But God who is ruler of the land and sea commanded Moses to stretch out his rod over the waves, and as he did so a strong wind blew the waters back from the sand until a dry place was left for the people to cross over to the other side.

'Any easterly wind, from northeast to southeast, would be called an east wind in Hebrew. This was probably a northeast wind. In the poetic form of Moses's song, this scene is described as a fearful storm. 'And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea' (Ex. xv., 8); so in Psa. lxxvii., 16-20. Josephus says, 'Showers of rain also came down from the sky, and dreadful thunder and lightning, with flashes of fire. Thunder-bolts also were darted upon them; nor was there anything which God sends upon men as indications of his wrath, which did not happen at this time.' It is expressly said that God used natural agencies, the forces himself had made, as the basis of this miracle. 'A northeast wind would tend to drive the water out of the narrow bay. It will be noticed that this was soon after the full moon of the vernal equinox, when there would be a very low ebb and a very high flood, and that the tide rises from five to seven feet opposite Suez, and from eight to nine feet when aided by strong winds, returning with unusual suddenness and power after the ebb.'—Newhall. 'M. de Lesseps mentioned to me the extraordinary effects of this kind which he had witnessed in such storms as occur only at intervals of fifteen or twenty years. He had seen the northern end of the sea in places blown almost dry, and again had seen the waters driven far over the land toward the Bitter Lakes.'—Pres. S. C. Bartlett. 'The terrific accompaniment of darkness, wind, and rain is almost paralleled, according to the reports of the Ordnance Survey, by the wild northeasterly storms that sometimes at the present day rage at the head of the Gulf of Suez.'—President Dawson.—'Peloubet's Notes.'

The Israelites marched ahead when they saw the way clear before them, but the Egyptians also marched ahead to overtake them. It was night, and with the darkness and storm the Egyptians could not see very well where they were going. The Israelites had the pillar of fire before them and their enemies had also been following this light. But now the pillar moved round to the back of the Israelites, showing them the light and turning the cloudy side toward the Egyptians, greatly adding to the confusion of the latter. Thus did the Lord God of hosts stand between his people and their enemies.

When the Israelites had all safely crossed to the other shore, God told Moses to stretch out his hand again over the sea that the waters might return to their usual place. Now the Egyptians were still in the dry bed of the sea, so when Moses stretched out his hand, and the sea rolled back, that great host of fighting men were buried in the waters. Pharaoh himself was not with those who were drowned.

Christmas Lessons from the Exodus.

I. Like the Israelites, the world was under the bitter bondage of sin.

II. Jesus Christ came into the world as the great Deliverer. His coming was the great era of the world, that changed all its future existence.

III. One of the great difficulties in the way was that many of the people did not realize their need deeply enough to make them willing to throw off their bonds.

IV. Jesus, like Moses, wrought great miracles to show them the goodness and the power of God, who called them from the bondage of sin to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. This helped them to believe. He pictured before them the promised land, to awaken hope.

V. When they were in the dark and felt the powers of evil and the threatenings of conscience, and knew not which way to turn, then they were bidden to go forward, for if they thus trusted God, the way would open before them.

VI. He sent his Holy Spirit to be their light and guide, like the pillar of cloud and of fire.

VII.—Conversion to Christ, like the crossing of the Red Sea, is the great era and epoch of any life. It is a being born again.

VIII. This act is from God, who only can regenerate the heart, but it is also the act of faith and obedience on the part of men.

IX. Conversion, like the Exodus, is but the beginning of a new life. So was Christ's coming into the world but the beginning of its redemption. Many trials, many joys, much discipline, many victories, many good deeds, lie between this beginning and the promised land.—'Peloubet's Notes.'

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Dec. 22.—Topic.—Our gifts to our King.—Matt. ii., 1-12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

WELCOMING THE SAVIOUR.

Mon., Dec. 16.—The world's neglect.—Matt. viii., 20.

Tues., Dec. 17.—Rejected at Nazareth.—Luke iv., 28-30.

Wed., Dec. 18.—Simon and the sinner.—Luke vii., 44-47.

Thu., Dec. 19.—A guest of Zacchaeus.—Luke xix., 5-6.

Fri., Dec. 20.—Welcomed at Bethany.—John xii., 1-2.

Sat., Dec. 21.—Christ knocks at your heart.—Rev. iii., 20.

Sun., Dec. 22.—Topic.—How different persons received Jesus.—Matt. ix., 9; John i., 11-12. (Christmas meeting.)

My Christmas of Shame.

(By Alice Leigh.)

The Christmas of 187— I shall never forget. It stands out from the past with a vividness which I hardly know whether to regret or rejoice in. We had been married for little more than a year, and the happy months had flown so fast I could scarce believe I had been a wedded wife so long. But there was our child in its cot smiling in its dreams, and, after all, was it possible that I had only been twelve months in my own home? Could so much of gladness have been pressed into a space so small? It was a bleak night, and within, in our room, where the fire roared in the chimney, I shivered at times. Maybe it was the thought of what was coming. But no. My waking dreams were as pleasant as those which haunted the babe's soft slumber. Once or twice, as the hours passed, I opened the door and looked out, thinking I might hear the well-known step as it rang on the hard road, see the form that I loved in the moonlight. But the cold night wind smote me cruelly, and I was glad to seek again the warmth within. How late George was! Yet I did not wonder. For they were good friends of ours whither he had gone, and a merry company had gathered, and they would not reckon as I did the passing hours. Still, I fancied that for my sake he might leave before all was done. Amid the throng one, however popular and talented, would not be missed, and he knew how I longed for his coming. I should have been with the rest, but an unlucky stumble had crippled me for a week or two, and I was useless in the dance.

But how much he would have to tell me when he came—how many had been there that we had seen a year ago, and how the ladies were dressed. For he had never been inattentive to these things, and I had tested him many a time, and, since we had become man and wife, I had taught him to observe and report. How often we had laughed at his quickness. How we smiled as we thought of the innocent diversion which this good lady and the other had, all unwittingly, given us. How I glowed with delight when he caught some slight change in my toilet, and showed his appreciation of my taste. I was not ill-pleased to be complimented by others, but how passing sweet it was to have him applaud! I need not describe the dress I wore that night, for its glories would seem dim enough were I to tell of them now. The fashions have altered many a time since then, and, I suppose, I should laugh to see myself robed in it to-day. But then it was the fashion's height, and I knew that it became me well. He had told me so, and I had blushed acquiescence as he kissed my cheeks. Not a costume for the ballroom, it could not compare with the dancers' dresses, but it was rich and tasteful, and would suggest no disparaging contrast. It had light enough

and grace enough to shine in the atmosphere of home.

I must have fallen into a doze, for I was startled by the sound of a key turning in the lock. I hurried to the door and kissed my husband as he entered. At first I saw nothing wrong, for he was not what we should call drunk. I know not if I would not have preferred that degradation. It might not have had so sharp a sting. He was excited, and I thought it was the music, and the talk, and the motion. But when I spoke to him about the ball, and began to put my little questions, he caught me up sharply and bade me be silent. I could hardly trust my senses. Was it indeed George who spoke to me so? And then the horrid truth flashed upon me. I knew that he had been drinking and had fallen into excess. For though we were not abstainers we seldom had wine on our table, and when we were the guests of others, we indulged with a studied moderation. But this night I know not what had befallen him. During the day he had been worried and out of sorts and had eaten little. The wine he had taken must have found him less prepared to resist its renewed entreaty, and he had drunk more than was his wont. Whether he had said or done aught unworthy among our friends I cannot tell, for if he had, there were none would shame me by the recital. But how he spoke to me, and what terrible things he said! Had they been said by another they must have hurt me, and, coming from him, they pierced me to the heart.

Had he struck me in drunken anger I could have borne it perhaps better, but that he should seem to be in his sober senses, and yet speak to me so was agony. What if this were but a revelation of what he was? What if these were the thoughts his heart cherished, now first finding expression before me? But I drove out the suggestion with a mighty effort. To have given it shelter must have broken my heart or driven me wild. No, that was not the meaning of it. It was not his own kind, pure self that spoke. He was possessed for the time by a devil, malicious and vile. His hand shook no more than mine does often, and he stood steadily enough, but another will than his own controlled voice and speech. How harsh and cold and unlovely it sounded, and what dreadful things he uttered! What he said he does not know, and never shall. Nor am I likely to set down aught of it here. How I blushed at the foul words, only to grow pale again with the horror of it all. How he spoke to me of things which till then had been hidden from my pure heart, or at which I had but guessed in my own worst hours. How he taunted me and reviled me and laughed to scorn all my pretty ways, and then when I sobbed and cried he did but pour contempt on my woman's tears. I saw and knew that it was possession, that the hateful drink devil had done this thing, but that did not make it easy to bear. What a transformation! what a shame!

Gradually the storm quieted, and he lay down to rest, not knowing how he had debased himself and put to shame/her he loved, dragging his lily through the mud as if it had been a common weed. Broken and trembling, I crept in by his side, and in the darkness and the silence my stricken heart moaned out its sorrow into the ear of God, crying for the comfort that it yet seemed hopeless to ask. May I never pass such another night. At last I slept, and when I woke it was to see my husband, himself again, with the little one lying in his arms. Had it all been an ugly dream? Alas! imagination could not have painted such a picture, fiction could not have achieved aught so strange and horrible for me. For days I was wearied and anxious, not knowing well what I should do, fearful of some recurrence of the evil. But when the New Year came in, and we made confession together of our imperfection, and took upon us afresh our holy vows, I told him what I could of the sorrows of that Christmas night. I did not, and could not, tell him a tenth of the shameful story, but he gathered something of its horror from my pale face and shuddering form. He promised, as his hand clasped mine, never again to touch the drink which had changed him into so vile a dastard, and we knelt in prayer, asking God to confirm the new resolution. Since then no intoxicating draught has ever passed our lips, and I could almost thank God for the dreadful trial, because it issued in such a sense of security and peace. Yet I would not that any other should pay such a price, and I set down the story of my bitter sorrow that others may shun the habit behind which there lurks such a possibility of woe. Fain would I help to save some other from seeing the holy and happy time turned into a season of shame.—'League Journal.'

Correspondence

Agricola North, Alberta, Can.

Dear Editor,—Would you please publish my letter so that all who have been so kind as to write to me and send me such nice reading will see why I do not answer all their letters. I got seventy and as so many would take so much postage, I am very sorry I could not answer all, but please thank them for me. Your little invalid friend,

LOTTIE BELL THOMPSON.

Black Cape, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is a pretty place, especially in fall when the leaves are changing their color from green, to yellow and red, but they have all fallen off. I go to school both summer and winter. I am in the fifth reader. My favorite studies are geography and history. I have over one mile to go to school. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on Jan. 2. I have a cat, I call it Kitty. I have four sisters and two brothers, my youngest sister was born on Aug. 25, 1901. I like the correspondence the best part in the 'Messenger.' I find December and January the best months for skating and sliding. A. E. LAURA C.

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and I think it is one of the best papers for young people. I have no brothers or sisters. I have two pets: a bird and a cat. The bird does not sing much. I go to school every day. I sang with the Royal Chorus to greet the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. It started raining before we sat down on the platform, which made it very uncomfortable. The umbrellas sprouted up like mushrooms all over the platform. ELMER P. (Aged 11.)

Gibraltar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I had never written to the 'Northern Messenger' before, I thought I would write. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and like it very much. I go to school every day, and I am in the third reader. My teacher's name is Miss Todd. I have one sister and one brother, both are older than I am. We live on the Blue Mountain, and we live in a beautiful country. It is nice to be at the top of the mountain and to look back and see the beautiful scene of the Georgian Bay and Collingwood town.

AGGIE R. McN.

Black Cape, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger' and we have taken it for about three years. I go to Sunday-school and day school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. McNair, and my day school teacher's name is Miss McRae. We belong to the Presbyterian Church and my father is the superintendent of the Sunday-school. I have a little baby sister, named Marion. Our school begins on Sept 1. I have fourteen cousins and five aunts and four uncles. My sisters went around collecting for the 'Messenger' this year. I have two sisters in New Hampshire and a brother in Maine and one in Montreal. My birthday is on April 14. I am eleven years old.

JENNIE C.

Topeka, Kas.

Dear Editor,—As I am a new subscriber of the 'Messenger' I have not seen any letters from Topeka. My grandma has taken the 'Messenger' for twenty-five years, and she says she cannot get along without it. We have a little pet at home which is neither a cat or dog, but a little girl, two years old, and her name is Meme Dice. Mamma has never had a day's school in this country, but still she reads the 'Messenger' from top to toe, and she is a Christian. My name is Mary, and I go to school every day. I like to study and read. I am in the fourth A grade at school. I have two sisters and one brother. I am eleven years old and my birthday is on Aug. 28. MARY N.

Moncton, N. B.

Dear Editor,—As you wished the girls and boys to write about the Royal visit to Canada, I thought I would write and tell you about their reception at Moncton, N. B. The I. C. R. station and general offices were attractively decorated for the occasion. The posts were clothed in red, white, and blue. Flags floated in the breeze and bunting was seen everywhere. On Oct. 18, at 3.15 p.m., the first train arrived conveying Lord and Lady Minto and party; at 3.45, the Royal train arrived bearing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. The engines were trimmed with flags and bunting, and as the train pulled in, with its beautiful cars, a cheer went up from about six thousand people that had gathered at the station to welcome the Royal visitors, and the band struck up the National Anthem. A few minutes later their Royal Highnesses appeared on the end of the train, they then stepped out on the carpet and were presented with two beautiful bouquets of flowers from two little girls. Her Royal Highness then said 'Thank you, dear.' The train remained about fifteen minutes; the Duke and Duchess appeared on the rear car platform as the train pulled out and were given a grand send off. Two Monctonians each presented the Duchess with a beautiful handkerchief; on one of them, in the four corners, were the crown, the lion, the Union Jack and the beaver, representing royalty, imperialism, loyalty and Canadian industry, entwined with a wreath of maple leaves, emblem of Canada. The second one was of Irish point lace, with national emblems and the Prince of Wales feathers. Thus ended the Royal visit to Moncton. I go to school every day. I get a merit card every month for not being late or absent. I take music lessons on Wednesday. Yours truly,

HARRY C. M. (Aged 12.)

Lower New Cast, N. B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Northern Messenger' for six years. We live on a farm and we have four cows and a horse. I have two sisters and two brothers. We have two miles to go to school. We cannot go to school in the winter. Our teacher's name is Miss Mary Ryan, from Chatham. My father died six years ago, and my brother, James R. Innis, died five years ago.

BLANCHE H. I. (Aged 14.)

North Rustic, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have not seen any letters from this country yet, so I thought I would write one. I am a little boy eleven years old, and we have one mare, and I yoke her and drive anywhere. We have one cow, one heifer, and three cats. We keep a store and keep everything in it. I have two brothers and two sisters. I wonder if any little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same date as mine, Jan. 15. HAROLD S.

Cape North, N. S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I have three sisters and one brother. Two of my sisters are in Boston and my brother is in Glace Bay. We live on a farm. We have eight cows and one horse and nineteen sheep and eleven hens. I go to school and I go to Sunday-school. We have two pets: a cat and a dog; the dog named Bobby and the cat named Sutty. We get the 'Messenger' and like it. RACHEL K. M.

Glengarry, N. S.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen a letter from Glengarry, I thought I would write one. I go to school and I have a mile to walk. I study reading, writing, drawing, health reader, geography, history of Canada, brief history, composition, grammar, algebra, arithmetic, geometry, botany. Our teacher's name is Miss Dollie Cunningham from Stellarton. I have five brothers and no sister. My brother gets the 'Messenger.' We think it is a very nice paper. I am eleven years old. My birthday is on Feb. 15.

ANNIE McA.

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HOUSEHOLD.

For the Children.

(Myron Weston, in 'American Agriculturist.')

'I don't believe you could guess what I am doing,' said an old lady, with a childish laugh. 'I'm makin' Christmas gifts for the children.' 'What children?' I asked. 'My own children an' gran'children. My baby is close on to fifty now, but I allus say "the children" when I speak of them. They'll never be anything but the children to their old mother. Robert, my oldest, was 59 the 3rd of last month. I've just finished up his present for him. Here it is.' She held up three or four penwipers and a little circular flat contrivance about as big as a silver dollar.

'It is for holding pins, an' it can be slipped right into the vest pocket. A man often finds it real handy to have a pin or two about him, an' this is better than stickin' them in the lapel of his coat. Then I allus make him enough penwipers to last him a year. He is president of a big bank in the city. He comes to see me four times every year an' I go to his house once or twice an' stay a week at a time. He has been at me for years to come an' live with him, at least in the winter time, but la! I couldn't be happy in the city, nor any place away from my own home. I went to housekeepin' here in this house, an' my six children were born here. My husband died here, an' it is the only place in the world that could ever seem like home to me. I visit each o' my children at least a week each year an' they all come home to keep Thanksgivin' with me. Here is a Christmas gift I made for my boy Henry.'

She held up a pair of thick brown mittens and said, 'Henry lives on a big farm over Hebron way, about ten miles from here. He has a lot o' stock an' has a great deal o' feedin' to do in the winter time, so a pair o' mother's nice warm mittens comes in mighty handy, an' he 'preciates them. Then I have made my daughter Sarah a quilt out of scraps left over from the dresses she had when she was a little girl. I want that you should see that quilt, an' I'll go an' get it.' She was gone but a few minutes, when she returned with the quilt thrown over her arm.

'It is what is called the "Star of Bethlehem" pattern, an' I never thought of it at the time, but it has come to me since that it is such an appropriate name for a quilt that is to be given away as a Christmas gift. It is made almost entirely of pieces of her baby an' childhood dresses, an' la! how it carried me back to my childhood o' my children to git them old scraps out an' work on them! That purple an' pink block is like a double-gown that not only Sarah but three o' my other children wore when they were babies. They made better calico them days than they make now, an' we had to pay a good deal more for it. That white scrap with the little blue flower in it is like the first short dress Sarah ever had. It was trimmed with white serpentine braid, an' she did look so sweet in it. You know we made little girls' dresses low-necked and short-sleeved then, an' I remember that I put bows o' narrow blue ribbon on the sleeves o' that dress, an' she wore it to my mother's to a Thanksgivin' dinner the first time she ever had it on. I have braided a rug for my daughter Ellen that lives over in Zoar, an' I have made my son Jared a 'housewife' because he is goin' away out west in January to look up some minin' property he has out there. It is right in the wilderness where he is goin' an' I guess that he will find the "housewife" real handy before he comes home. What? You don't know what a "housewife" is? Well, it is a needlebook all fitted up with thread and needles so a man can mend a rip or sew on a button if he wants to. Jared allus was so handy with a needle.

'I ain't fully decided on what I will make my other children for Christmas, but it will be something that I can make with my own hands, for I think that a present o' that kind counts for so much more than one that you just go out an' buy. Then the children like to have the things mother made with her own hands, for it ain't goin' to be many years that mother's hands can do anything for them. But just as long as I am able I intend to keep doin' things for my children. It is my greatest happiness in this life, next to knowin' that they are all good men an' wimmen. Not one o' them ever gave me a minnit's sorrow. That is something any mother ought to be proud of an' thankful for. It is something that makes it a great joy to me to work for the children.'

Selected Recipes.

OYSTER SANDWICHES.

One quart of oysters, steamed and chopped; eight large cream crackers, rolled and sifted, one-half cup sweet cream, salt and pepper to taste, one quarter cupful of butter. Cook in double boiler, not more than ten minutes, stirring all the while. Take from fire, add whipped whites of three eggs, and spread on thin slices of bread cut in rounds.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE.

One and a half pounds of raisins, one and one-fourth pounds of currants, three-fourths pound of citron, one pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one and a fourth pounds of flour, ten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of lemon, two teaspoonfuls of yeast powder. Flour the fruit, mix the other ingredients, adding the fruit last. Stir well, and bake slowly.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'